

# THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

—NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

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## DIDACTIC ESSAYS.

### ON PHILOSOPHICAL TRUTH.

We have the pleasure of offering our readers another instructive portion of professor DRAKE'S Introductory Lecture:—and propose to continue our extracts, next week, unless the author shall, in the mean time, send over his  *veto*  to the act,—on the score of any want of taste we may have manifested in the selection. Where  *all is good* , however, a slight blunder of this kind may be forgiven;—especially when it is to be hoped that the public will ere long be favored with an opportunity of judging, and selecting for themselves.

“The next cause of failure in the pursuit of philosophical truth, is more rooted. It consists not so much in the deficiencies, as the errors of early education. From the very nature of our associates during infancy and childhood, much of what we learn is erroneous; and throughout the whole period of our studies, except when engaged in the exact sciences, we daily imbibe falsehood with truth;—and, unconscious of the union, retain the whole under the name of knowledge. The tenacity with which the mind clings to these false impressions, is often not less than the facility with which, in early life it received them; and as they exclude an equal portion of real knowledge, their influence is justly deprecated by all good teachers. It becomes you, gentlemen, frequently to review your past studies, and anxiously to inquire into the manner in which your knowledge was obtained. By such retrospection, carefully and humbly made, you will often be able to detect the occasion, or the  *dictum* , which led you into error: and thus purify and fit your minds for the reception of truths, which, without such self preparation, no arts of didactic eloquence could impress upon them.

Another impediment to the acquisition of truth, is  *fickleness of attention* . Childhood is a season of mutability;—in which impressions are succeeding and superseding each other in rapid progression. Children do not dwell long enough upon any object, or group of objects, to acquire ascertained ideas of its properties or relations; and, hence they investigate badly. This propensity to pass from subject to subject, is a principle of our nature; and is necessary, to introduce us to the multitude of objects with which it is the business of after life to

become acquainted; but, like every other principle of action, it requires controul and discipline. Appertaining particularly to infancy and youth, it belongs to a good education to keep it subordinate in manhood: and those in whom this is neglected, grow up without habits of protracted and persevering investigation; and seldom dwell long enough upon any subject to comprehend it fully. Such persons may be styled adult children, and the number is not a few. They gaze for a moment upon the superficies of many objects, but look into the solid contents of none; and seldom reach the truth, as that lies beneath the surface. It is characteristic of persons of this class to observe without reflecting or forming decisions.

We come now to a different class, who reflect and conclude while they should still observe. These look deeply, but in one direction only; and form an opinion before all the facts relating to the case have been accumulated. They may be compared to the judge who decides on the testimony of one of the parties, unconscious that another waits for an audience. The judgment may be honest, and a correct inference from the alleged facts on which it rests, but still it is erroneous. Many of the errors which vitiate the experimental sciences, as well as the affairs of social life, are referable to this head; and as the authors of them are conscious, not only of loving truth, but of having investigated their premises warily, it is not uncommon to see them cling with pertinacity to their conclusions. A singularity exhibited by such persons is, that at different times they are the advocates of opposite opinions. The facts which at one period were presented to them, and led to a particular inference are forgotten; and, subsequently, those of an opposite tendency are casually offered to their attention—when with equal promptness and honesty they stand forth as champions of a contrary doctrine. The fault of this temperament consists in imperfect and limited suggestion; in a sort of intellectual  *strabismus* , by which the field of mental vision is narrowed, and the partial mistaken for the universal. The opinions of such men are entitled to respect for their sincerity; but are never to be adopted without the freest examination. They may be true, but should

always be  *presumed*  erroneous. The proper remedy is a constant recurrence to the necessity of protracted and comprehensive research; that all the facts in the case may be represented in the deduction:—when this is realized, the judgment is true, and then only.

Another obstacle to the discovery of truth is vividness of fancy. Many cases of madness have seemed to grow out of this exuberance. It tends to abstract us from external objects; and leads to inattention to the impressions which they make or might make upon us. Such philosophical fanatics require but a glimpse to afford them, as they believe, an accurate knowledge of the properties and relations of the most complicated group of objects. Their minds do not resemble a camera obscura, so much as a magic lantern. A single sensation can spring a long train of ideas; and cause new creations to succeed each other, like the spectres in that machine, and generally with as little conformity to truth and nature. Philosophers of this excessive mobility, are right only by accident; and it is equally accidental, if they discover themselves to be wrong. They do not so often change from error to truth, as from one illusion to another. They suppose themselves men of genius, when, in fact, they possess but one of its attributes. They are great builders of hypotheses: and all their fabrics resemble inverted pyramids. They never investigate closely, but to sustain a preconceived notion; and then, instinctively, reject every fact which militates against it. Their ardour and obstinacy are often so great, as to inspire confidence in their opinions; and make proselytes of those who should labour to expel their delusion, and bring them back to a sober contemplation of the external world. I must confess, however, that such an enterprise would in most cases prove ineffectual; and I am, therefore, the more anxious to warn you against the earliest illusions of this  *ignis fatuus*  of the mind. Should it once attract you from the straight and narrow path of inductive philosophy, your faculties will speedily glide into the mazes of error; and, if practising physicians, your prescriptions will become warrants of death instead of the messengers of health and life.”

[To be continued.]



## COMMUNICATION.

CLIO, No. VII.

*On the White Tribes of America, &c.*

Among the numberless mistakes of naturalists, philosophers and historians upon the subject of the native tribes of America, one of the most singular, is the supposition, repeatedly asserted and implicitly believed, that they were all belonging to the coppery race of northern Asia.

A careful perusal of the original writers on America will disprove this assertion and evolve an important feature of American history. The numerous tribes scattered from the North Pole to Cape Horn, far from being all identical in complexion, features and stature, and nearly similar to Tartars or Mongols, offer as great a variety as the white, brown and black nations of Africa.

We find in America black nations with the features and complexion of negroes, such as the Quarequans of Darien, the Aroras of Caraccas, the Toccantins of Guatemala, the Encavallados of South America, the Esteroz of California, the Quinipis of Louisiana, &c. &c. and many more mentioned by ancient writers. These have generally long hair like many of the negro nations of Senegal.

The other complexions found in America are the brown, olive, tawny, coppery, yellow and white! By white, I do not mean the fairness of the Circassian or Scandinavian; but the swarthy whiteness of the Arabs, Moors, Spaniards, Berbers, Basques, &c.

I have found scattered among different authors, notices of about forty white nations or tribes in America, among which I do not reckon the fabulous Welsh or white Indians of North America, upon which so much has been written to so little purpose.

A small number of these, and the authors that have mentioned them will now be added.

1. The Parians found by Columbus, north of the mouth of Oronoko were nearly white and well shaped.—*Col. Travels.*

2. The Guaijacas. 3. Guargaribas. 4. Ariguas: three nations on the Oronoko, were nearly white or like the Mestizos, sprung from the Spaniards and Indians.—*Gunnla, Humboldt's travels, &c.*

5. The Guahicas or Quaicas of upper Oronoko, are a nation of dwarfs of a fair complexion.—*Humboldt.*

6. The Barvas of Chili are quite white and have rosy cheeks.—*Molina's history of Chili.*

7. The Caliahuas. 8. Yuneganas. 9. Mapisis. 10. Lecos, and other nations of East Peru have a fair complexion.—*Pazos, S. Amer, Jesuit's letters, Humboldt, &c.*

11. The Chiquitos of East Peru are whiter than any neighboring nations.—*Pazos.*

12. The Moxos. 13. Tapacuras. 14. Baures of the province of Moxos in South America, are of a whiter or pale colour.—*Jesuit's missionaries, Humboldt, &c.*

15. The Indians of Cochabamba are fairer and taller than their neighbours.—*Haenke, Pazos, &c.*

16. The Escanibas, Nabijos or Nabijoas of California, or West New Mexico, are fair and handsome: the women are as white as Spanish women.—*Dufrenoy, &c.*

17. The Negua-Dinais of the north-west coast are of a light pale colour, their eyes are grey.—*Mackenzie.*

18. Cherokees. 19. Panis. 20. Mandans. 21. Minetans, and some other North American tribes are of a lighter complexion than others. Among the Cherokees some women (not Mestizos) are as blooming as white women. The men and women among 19, 20, and 21, have often hair of a chestnut colour and with a slight curl.—*Barton, Lewis, &c.*

22. Some nations of the north-west coast are white and with rosy cheeks.—*Mackenzie, Meares, &c.*

23. Some nations of Paraguay are as white as Spaniards.

24. Many of the Esquimaux tribes are nearly white.

This will be sufficient to prove that there is a great diversity of complexion among the American tribes, and therefore that there has been here in ancient times, a mixture of races anterior to the European invasion and the importation of negroes. I may in another number give some details in the same concise way on the black or negro nations of America, residing in this continent before the discovery of Columbus.

The opinion that the Americans had no beard is now entirely exploded: most of them pluck, it or have scanty beards like the Negroes and Mongols; but there are nations wearing long beards, such as the

Monquis, Aztalans, Yubipays and Ynglanks of North Mexico:

The Uskimas, Newchimass, &c. and other Esquimaux tribes, and many others of North and South America.

It has been denied by many visitors that gigantic and dwarfish nations existed in America; but it is now proved that the Esquimaux of North America, and the Guahicas of South America are as dwarfish as the Laplanders: and that there have been (and are yet) many nations of very large size on this continent, such as the

Tarasas, Puelches and Carais of South America.

Tallegas, Quinametins, Potawatomes, &c. of North America.

It is thus that the errors and misconceptions relating to America, are gradually exposed and disproved; and truth will ultimately be known. C. S. RAFINESQUE.

## MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

From a Tour in Germany.

BLUMENBACH.

"Europe has placed Blumenbach at the head of her physiologists; but with all his profound learning, he is every thing the reverse of the dull, plodding, cumbersome solidity, which we have learnt to consider as inseparable from a German savant,—a most ignorant and unfounded prejudice.—Göthe is the greatest poet, Wolf the greatest philologist, and Blumenbach the greatest natural historian of Germany; yet it would be difficult to find three more jocular and entertaining men. Blumenbach has not an atom of academical pedantry or learned obscurity; his conversation is a series of shrewd and mirthful remarks on any thing that comes uppermost; and such, likewise, I have heard it said, is sometimes his lecture. Were it not for the chaos of skulls, skeletons, mummies, and other materials of his art, with which he is surrounded, you would not easily discover unless you brought him purposely on the subject, that he had studied natural history. He sits among all sorts of odd things, which an ordinary person would call lumber, and which even many of those who drive his own science could not make much of; for it is one of Blumenbach's excellencies, that he contrives to make use of every thing, and to find proofs and illustration where no other person would think of looking for them. By the side of a drawing which represented some Botocuda Indians, with faces like baboons, cudgelling each other, hung a portrait of the beautiful Agnes of Mansfield. A South American skull, the lowest degree of human conformation, grinned at a Grecian skull, which the professor reckons the perfection of crania—Here stood a whole mummy from the Canary Islands, there half a one from Brazils, with long sprigs through its nose, and covered with gaudy feathers, like Papageno in the Magic Flute. Here is stuck a negro's head, there lies a Venus, and yonder reclines, in a corner, a contemplative skeleton with folded hands. Yet it is only necessary to hear the most passing remarks of the Professor, as you stumble after him through this apparent confusion, to observe how clearly all that may be learned from it is arranged in his head, in his own scientific combination. The only thing that presented external order, was a very complete collection of skulls, showing the fact, by no means a new one, that there is a gradual progression in the form of the skull, from apes, up to the most generally received models of human beauty. 'Do you see these horns?' said he, searching among a heap of oddities, and drawing forth three horns; 'they were once worn by a woman. She happened to fall



and break her head; from the wound sprouted this long horn; it continued to grow for thirty years, and then she cast it; it dropped off. In its place came a second one; but it did not grow so long, and dropped off too. Then this third one, all on the same spot; but the poor woman died while the third was growing, and I had it out from the corpse.' There were literally three genuine horns. The last two are short, thick, and nearly straight; but the first is about ten inches long, and completely twisted, like the horn of a ram. It is round and rough, of a brownish colour, and fully a half an inch in diameter towards the root. All three are hollow, and are least at the base. The termination is blunt and rounded. Other instances of the same thing have been known, but always in women; and Blumenbach says it has been ascertained by chemical analysis, that such horns have a greater affinity, in their composition, with the horns of the rhinoceros than with those of any other animal."

## ON PROJECTS.

## XII.

At a certain age, it is too late to be married; too late to commence great man.

Twenty five is the age of heroism and capacity. Perhaps age collects experience: but does it not also bring as much prejudices?

Experience makes the wise man, but does not make the great man. It gives good sense, but does not give talents. It sees inconveniences, but does not imagine remedies, except comparison lends it a helping hand.

Time is not the only master of experience: books instruct. Lucullus had no experience when Rome sent him to fight Mithridates; on his journey he read treatises on war; on his arrival, genius beat experience.

History is full of old generals conquered by young soldiers. The rule is, that in such instances, the old commander passes only for unfortunate. For, in fact, with so much experience, how is it possible to be unskilful?

Age does not make one a greater statesman no more than it does a great warrior. Would you compare Villeroy, grown grey in the office of state, to Richelieu, an abbe at court?

Every person whose knowledge is acquired only by experience, will often give very bad advice, because that knowledge don't extend to the difference of the times. An old man is but too subject to reduce to his own prejudices all the notions that he has collected from the copious sources of experience: besides this, fruitfulness of experience offering a prodigious variety of facts, produces an infinite number of different reflections, whose apparent contradictions genius alone can reconcile.

There are certain privileged souls, which seem born with all the penetration that experience can confer; like that goddess who issued completely armed from the brain of Jupiter.

## XIII.

Is a man excusable who ventures further than the third project? Yes, if he is a projector.

## XIV.

Every man that thinks much, forms many projects; and every man that thinks sensibly, never projects but for himself.

## XV.

Projectors commit the greatest faults. Those who never project at all, commit the most faults.

## XVI.

I have bugged my idea, I have surveyed it on all sides; I have cut it out, as it were, in squares: I have anticipated the pleasure.

Why don't you execute your project? I have had already so much pleasure in the imagining, arranging, and combining it, that I can't have any in the execution.

I love Egle; I expect her with impatience; I desire her ardently: I see her with transport; I embrace her with raptures; I quit her with indifference, and renounce her with a kind of pleasure. A natural image of the greatest part of projectors.

## XVII.

My project is extraordinary, and people laugh at it; the sneerers are in the right on't; the extraordinary is near a-kin to the ridiculous.

But 'tis admirable, and yet despised; the scoffers are again in the right: nothing more natural than to condemn what we excessively admire.

But it is a profound one; the critics have again reason on their side: distance of objects produces the same effect as their minuteness, that is, indifference or mistake.

Goma de Parajos.

## American Painters.

The following extract from an article in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*—is said to be from the pen of our countryman Mr. NEAL, author of *NIAGARA*, *RANDOLPH*, &c.;—to the latter of which—especially to certain interesting chapters, having no connection with the story—it bears no inconsiderable resemblance. The writer seems to have aimed at sinking the American, by partially adopting the flippant tone of disparagement so fashionable under the meridian for which he was writing;—but his observations, in the main, are, perhaps, sufficiently candid and liberal;—tho' he has, doubtless, omitted several names entitled to a place in the catalogue of American Painters. Kentucky, for instance may well complain, that he has made no reference to her favourite JEWITT:—and, if APPLICATION could only be made to second, with energy the operations of GENIUS,—our own city might ere long, boast of an Artist worthy of ranking with the best of them.

The following are the names of those, who have been, at one time or another, known in Great Britain or France, [as painters] with a brief criticism on each.

COPLEY—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER. He was an American by birth; a capital portrait painter, for the time; and, if I may judge by a small but very good picture, in the Blue-Coat School here, which I am told was painted by him, endowed with a decided and vigorous talent for historical composition.

WEST—HISTORICAL PAINTER, and late President of the Academy:—An American by birth; studied at Rome, and in London. He had great power; and a reputation much greater than he deserved. His fame will not increase; it will diminish. His composition is, generally speaking, confused—difficult of comprehension—and compounded, about in equal proportions, of the sublime and ordinary. He was prone to exaggeration; a slave to classical shapes; and greatly addicted to repetition. His capital pictures are often deficient in drawing; and yet, extraordinary as it may appear, his drawings are generally fine, and, in some cases, wonderful. His execution

seldom equalled his conception. The first hurried, bold, hazardous drawing of his thought, was generally the best; in its progress, through every successive stage of improvement, there was a continual falling off, from the original character, in the most material parts—so that what it gained in finish, it lost in grandeur; and what it gained in parts, it lost in the whole.

Compare his drawing of "DEATH UPON THE PALE HORSE," with his painting of the same subject. The first was exhibited in France many years ago; and was the astonishment of every body. The latter, I should be sorry to see exhibited any where. The drawing is worth a hundred of the painting. The group under the feet of the pale horse, and that of the lion and the horse at the left, are all that is worth preserving in the latter. The rest is feeble—common-place, or absolutely wretched. The fore-legs of the pale horse, like the fore-legs of almost every other horse that Mr. West ever painted, are too short.—The character and position of the head, though altered from the drawing, are altered for the worse. The introduction of another figure, so important as the "Gospel," (I believe that is the one,) is injudicious, and the group at the extreme left, representing animal courage in a young man, is an unparalleled falling off, from the original drawing.

And so with several other pictures by this extraordinary man. The drawing of "CHRIST HEALING THE SICK," is worth all the painted copies together—including that purchased by the Academy, and that in America.

By the way, it is not very judicious to exhibit such pictures, as are exhibited in the gallery of Mr. West,—for his first essays in the art. It is not judicious, because nobody can believe that they are what they are called; & because there are others much worse in existence, (and shown, too, in Philadelphia, America,) which were much more, probably, among the first of his essays. These things always do harm. Great pretension is quite sure to provoke severe examination. When Mr. Galt, in his "LIFE OF WEST," had the courage to say, no matter on what authority, that the first essay of Master Benjamin was in painting the portrait of a child asleep, and smiling; and that he succeeded in making a likeness, he did more to injure the substantial, fair reputation of Mr. West, than his bitterest enemy (if Mr. West ever had an enemy) could have done.

TRUMBULL—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER. Mr. Trumbull is an American. He studied, however, and pursued his profession for a long time, in this country.—He is now President of the New York Academy; and is the person whom Congress have employed to paint a series of pictures



connected with certain events of the American Revolution, at (if I recollect rightly) nine thousand dollars a piece (two thousand pounds). Three of these are completed; and, unless I except the first, (prints of which are now in this country,) called the "Signing of the Declaration," and which is only a respectable picture, they are among the greatest and most unaccountable failures of the age. The President may not be superannuated, but these pictures are. In fact, not to disguise the matter at all, one out of the three is contemptible; one tolerable; the other nothing extraordinary; and valuable only as a collection of tolerably well arranged portraits. It is a great pity; every lover of the art must grieve to see the first efforts of a young country so unhappily misdirected. There were several painters in America, who would have made a magnificent affair of that which is handled like a tapestry weaver by Mr. Trumbull.

Yet Mr. Trumbull was a man of considerable power. His well known "Sortie of Gibraltar," the original sketch of which has lately been exhibited at the Suffolk Street Exhibition, was a very fine picture; but worth, it is true, every thing else that he has ever done. His portraits are no great things. They are bold and strong, but all of a family—all alike. And so are his historical pictures. His "Battle of Lexington" is partly stolen; his "Death of Montgomery," and "Sortie of Gibraltar," are only variations; and I remember one of his pictures, "the Surrender of Cornwallis," where a whole rank of infantry are so exceedingly alike, that you would suppose them to have been born at the same time, of the same parents.

**REMBRANDT PEALE—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER.** Mr. Peale is an American. He studied and pursued the business of portrait painting in France. There are several painters in America of this name and family, but Mr. R. Peale is altogether superior to the others. One of his portraits attracted a good deal of admiration some years ago, at Paris; and another (of Mr. Matthews, the comedian) was lately exhibited in London. I have never seen it, but am told that it was a masterly thing. His portraits are beautifully painted, but rather cold, formal, and until very lately, wanting in fleshiness. He has changed his manner, however, of late, and is now a very fine portrait painter.

His essays in historical painting are numerous, and quite wonderful, when we consider the disadvantages under which he must have laboured in America; with no models, no academy figures, no fellow labourers, to consult; nobody even to mould a hand for him in plaster, and few to hold one, long enough for him to copy it, of flesh and blood. His "Court of Death," it is probable, will

pay a visit here. It is a very large picture, and has parts of extraordinary power.

**ALSTON—HISTORICAL PAINTER.** Mr. Alston is an American; studied in London—at Rome; and is undoubtedly at the head of the historical department in America. He is well understood, and very highly appreciated in this country, and should lose no time in returning to it. His "Jacob's Vision" has established his reputation; but he owes to this country a debt which he will never pay if he remain at home. We have claims upon him here, for

"He is, as it were, a child of us;" and his countrymen will never give him that opportunity which we would, if he were here.

Mr. Alston's faculties are a very uncommon union of the bold and beautiful; and yet, there is a sort of artificial heat in some of his doings, much as if it were latent, elaborated with great care, and much difficulty; not that sort of inward fervour which flashes into spontaneous combustion, whenever it is excited or exasperated.

**MORSE—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER.** Mr. Morse is an American; studied in the Academy, in some degree, under Mr. West. His model of the dying Hercules obtained the Medal here. His portraits are powerful, free, and distinguished by masterly handling. He has done but little in history.

**SULLY—PORTRAIT AND HISTORY.** Mr. Sully, who is the "Sir Thomas Lawrence" of America, is an Englishman, born, I believe in London. His father, when Master Sully was about five, went over to America with his whole family. Many years after, the son returned, and continued in London for a considerable time, pursuing the study of his art, and copying some fine old pictures for his friends in America. That over, he returned, and, after years of great assiduity, has become, without any question, one of the most beautiful portrait painters in the world.

His general style is like that of Sir Thomas Lawrence, by whom he has profited greatly; in fact, his composition, sentiment, and manner, are so much of the same character now and then, that were it not for the touch, some of his portraits could not be distinguished from those of Sir Thomas. He is remarkably happy in his women. They have not so much of that elegant foppery which characterizes most of Sir Thomas Lawrence's females, but, then, they are not heroic, and, perhaps, not quite so attractive, or, if as attractive, for that were a hard question to settle, there is not that exquisite flattery in his pencil that we see in the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which, while it preserves the likeness, will make a heroine, or an intellectual woman, of any thing; and yet there is flattery enough in the pencil of Mr. Sully to satisfy any reasonable

creature. Nobody can feel more astonishment or pleasure that I do at the address and power of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in transforming the most absolute, and I should think, sometimes the most unmanageable corporeal beings, into spiritualities; but, I confess, at the same time, than I cannot bear to meet any of his originals, after I have been looking at their pictures by him. My emotion, whenever I do, is unqualified astonishment,—astonishment, first, at the likeness; and astonishment, secondly, that there should be a likeness between things that are so unlike when compared. How he contrives it I cannot imagine. I have seen a picture of his indicating a fine, bold, poetical temperament; a handsome and expressive countenance, a frame above the middle size, and, altogether, a princely fellow. I have met the original, whom I had never seen before; been struck instantaneously by the resemblance; and yet the original was a paltry, diminutive, sordid-looking chap, with no more soul in his face than —, nay, nor half so much as I have seen in a fine Irish potatoe.

By the way—a remark occurs to me here, which may explain this phenomenon. A stranger will see a resemblance where a friend would not. The more intimate one is with any object, the less easily satisfied will he be with a drawing of it. Any body may see a resemblance in a caricature, an outline, or a profile, while he who is familiar with the original, will see nothing in the same caricature, profile, or outline, but a want of resemblance. This would seem to explain a common occurrence in portrait-painting. Strangers know the picture immediately, perhaps, or the original, (having seen the picture,) wherever they may happen to encounter it; mere acquaintances burst into continual exclamation at the sight of it, while the intimate friends of the original are dissatisfied, exactly in proportion to that intimacy. Painters attribute this to the foolish partiality of affection, or friendship; the multitude, perhaps, to affectation, blindness, or want of judgment. "What!" they say, "when we, who are strangers, know the portrait at a glance, how is it possible that it cannot be a likeness?" They do not know that, because they are strangers, they cannot perceive the ten thousand deficiencies, or the innumerable delicacies of hue and expression, which go to make up a likeness to the eye of love or veneration. The world see only the whole; the intimate friends love to look at the parts, at the miniature. It must be for the world, then, that a man has painted, if his pictures are such startling resemblances, that while we are ready to cry out with pleasure at the likeness, we are ready to cry out yet louder with astonishment, if we see the originals, that there should be any likeness.



**STEWART—PORTRAIT PAINTER.** Mr. Stewart is an American. He was a long time in this country, many years ago,— painted the principal nobility, and ranked, even then, among the first masters. He is old now, but unquestionably at the head of American painters. In fact, they all bow to his opinion as authority. Some notion of his prodigious power may be gained from this fact. The best portrait in the Somerset Exhibition, this year, that of Sir William Curtis, by Sir T. Lawrence, and that which is least after his own style, is exceedingly like the pictures of Stewart, so much so, indeed, that I should have thought it a Stewart, but for two or three passages, and the peculiar touch of the artist. There is, however, more breadth in Mr. Stewart's pictures than in those of Sir T. Lawrence, but much less brilliancy and gracefulness. Mr. Stewart hardly ever painted a tolerable woman. His women are as much inferior to those of Mr. Sully, and, of course to those of Sir T. Lawrence, as his men are superior to the men of almost any other painter. His manner is dignified, simple, thoughtful, and calm. There is no splendour,—nothing flashy or rich in the painting of Stewart, but whatever he puts down upon canvass is like a record upon oath, plain, unequivocal, and solid.

**LESLIE—HISTORICAL AND PORTRAIT PAINTER.** Mr. Leslie was born in this country, (a circumstance not generally known;) went to America in his childhood; attracted some attention there, while he was a clerk in a book-store, by a few spirited sketches of George Frederic Cooke, and some other actors; was persuaded to return to this country and study the art of painting as a profession. He has been here twice, (in the whole, from ten to a dozen years,) and has now a reputation of which we, his countrymen, as well as the Americans, have reason to be proud. His portraits are beautiful, rich, and peculiar; his compositions in history, graceful, chaste, and full of subdued pleasantry. There is nothing overcharged in the work of Mr. Leslie. If any thing, there is too strict an adherence to propriety. His last picture, "*Sancho before the Dutchess*," though very beautiful, is, nevertheless, rather tame as a whole. This, of course, proceeds from his constitutional fear of extravagance and caricature, which is evident in almost every thing that he has done; or, perhaps it would be better to say, from his exceedingly delicate sense of what is classical. But that must be got over. A classical taste is a bad one, where men are much in earnest, or disposed to humour. Whatever is classical, is artificial, and, of course, opposed to what is natural. One is marble, the other, flesh; one statuary, the other, painting. No great man was ever satisfied with what is classical.

**NEWTON—PORTRAIT AND HISTORICAL**

**PAINTER.**—Mr. Newton is an American, but born within our Canadas; a nephew of Mr. Stewart, (already mentioned) and a man of singular and showy talent. He has been pursuing his professional studies in London for several years, and begins to be regarded as he deserves. His portraits are bold and well colored, but not remarkable for strength of resemblance, or individuality of expression. But, then, they are good pictures, and, of the two, it is higher praise even for a portrait-painter, to allow that he makes good pictures, than that he makes good likenesses. It is easy (comparatively) to make a resemblance, but very difficult for any man to make a picture which deserves to be called good. All portrait-painters begin with getting likenesses. Every touch is anxious, particular, and painfully exact; and it is a general truth, I believe, that as they improve in the art, they become less anxious about the likeness, and more about the composition, colouring, and effect. Thus, the early pictures of every great artist will be found remarkable for their accurate resemblance, and the later ones remarkable for every thing else rather than for that quality. Their likenesses fall off as their painting improves.

Still, however, (the last remarks have no especial application to Mr. Newton,) some of this gentleman's portraits are not only good pictures, but striking likenesses.

In history, it is hardly fair to judge of him; for what he has done, though admirable on many accounts, are rather indications of a temper and feeling which are not yet fully disclosed, than fair specimens of what he could produce, were he warmly encouraged. His "author and auditor" is the best that I know of his productions; and a capital thing it is. The last, which was lately exhibited at Somerset House, is rather a fine sketch, than a finished picture. It is loose, rich, and showy; wanting in firmness and significance; and verging a little on the caricature of broad farce;—broad pencil farce, I mean. For this, of course, he is excusable, with Moliere for his authority. It is a very good picture, to be sure, but not such a picture as he should have produced; and, therefore, not such a picture as he should have produced for the annual exhibition. He did himself injustice by it.

**C. HARDING—PORTRAIT PAINTER.** This extraordinary man is a fair specimen of the American character. About six years ago, he was living in the wilds of Kentucky, had never seen a decent picture in his life; and spent most of his leisure time, such as could be spared from the more laborious occupations of life, in drumming for a militia company, and in fitting axe-helves to axes; in which two things he soon became distinguished. By and by, some revolution took place in his affairs; a new ambition sprang

up within him; and, being in a strange place, (without friends and without money—and with a family of his own) at a tavern, the landlord of which had been disappointed by a sign painter, Mr. H. undertook the sign, apparently out of compassion to the landlord; but in reality to pay his bill, and provide bread for his children. He succeeded, had plenty of employment in the "profession" of sign-painting; took heart, and ventured a step higher—first, in painting chairs, and then portraits. Laughable as this may seem, it is, nevertheless, entirely and strictly true. I could mention several instances of a like nature; one of a tinman, who is now a very good portrait-painter in Philadelphia, U. S. A. (named EICKHAET;) another of a silversmith named WOOD, whose miniatures and small portraits are masterly; and another of a portrait-painter named JARVIS, whose paintings, if they were known here, would be regarded with astonishment—all of whom are Americans. But as they are not known here, and have not been here, to my knowledge, I shall pass them over, and return, for a minute or two, to Mr. Harding.

Mr. H. is now in London; has painted some remarkably good portraits (not pictures); among others, one of Mr. John D. Hunter, (the hero of Hunter's Narrative,) which is decidedly the best of a multitude; one or two of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, the head of which is capital; one of Mr. Owen, of Lanark; a portrait of extraordinary plainness, power, and sobriety; and some others, which were shown at Somerset House, and Suffolk Street.

Mr. H. is ignorant of drawing. It is evident, that he draws only with a full brush, correcting the parts by comparison with one another. Hence it is; that his heads and bodies appear to be the work of two different persons—a master and a bungler. His hands are very bad; his composition, generally, quite after the fashion of a beginner; and his drapery very like block-tin; or rather, I should say, that this was the case; for there is a very visible improvement in his late works.

Thus much to show what kind of men our American relations are, when fairly put forward. There is hardly one among the number of painters, above-mentioned, whose life, if it were sketched, as that of Mr. H. is, would not appear quite as extraordinary; and as truly American, in that property which I have chosen to call a serious versatility.

I would have made the paper shorter, but the information that I have given, was wanted; does not exist in any accessible shape to any other man living, perhaps; and may be depended upon. Let that excuse the length of my communication.

A. B.



THE CINCINNATI  
LITERARY GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1824.

OUR OWN CONCERNS.

For the purpose of ascertaining, whether the good people of Cincinnati are as anxious to avert the discontinuance of the LITERARY GAZETTE, as we are told to believe,—we shall shortly indulge them (by sending round our *Subscription Book*) with an opportunity to signify the amount of the interest they feel for our prosperity. With our existing number of patrons,—even if we were disposed to continue for another year “to work for nothing and find ourselves,”—we apprehend the printer would protest against going on;—since his collections have hitherto fallen considerably short of the expenditures. It is but fair, however, to confess that this deficit is probably, in a great degree, owing to our own diffidence—in neglecting to ask for subscribers;—for we have heard of several gentlemen who account for their not having hitherto enrolled themselves among the patrons of the Literary Gazette,—by alledging that they have never received an invitation.

Our friends at a distance, who may be so obliging as to use their influence for increasing our subscription list, will confer an additional favour, by giving us an early intimation of their success. Perhaps it is unnecessary to add, that any reasonable number of subscribers can be accommodated with complete files, from the commencement.

SHADE TREES.

As the present moderate weather [the thermometer on the 1st of Dec. was at 66°] affords a favourable opportunity for transplanting the locust, poplar, elm, and sycamore saplings—which are calculated to afford in summer such refreshing comfort and beauty to our lawns and side-walks,—we hope that none who can afford the expense, will neglect to attend to it. Indeed, we think it is a subject not at all unworthy the attention of the City Council;—who could not well expend a moderate sum to the greater satisfaction of their constituents, than by supplying, at the public expense, those parts of our populous streets, which may be left unplanted by individuals.

We are glad to learn that our constituted authorities have already completed the west end of the very useful and substantial WHARF, they have commenced,—without deeming it necessary totally to destroy the late spacious common (between Main and Sycamore streets,)—which was left open by the original proprietors of the town—surely, for some nobler purpose than to furnish earth for raising the bed of the river!—It is to be hoped that the semi-cir-

cle which is left may be tastefully laid out, and ornamented with trees and shrubs;—and thus conduce alike to the beauty and health of the city, by becoming (like the New York Battery) a fashionable promenade for its inhabitants.

EMIGRATION TO HAYTI.

We have extracted into our *Summary* an account of the recent departure of a vessel from Baltimore with 300 coloured people, for the Republic of HAYTI:—and we hope and trust they may find every thing conformable to the promises held out to them. We are sorry to perceive that the advocates of Haytian, and of African colonization, are disposed to be jealous of each other's prospects of success:—for we feel the most lively interest in the prosperity of both;—and believe they will eventually find sufficient numbers of the people for whose benefit each party is labouring, to afford full employment for the zeal and benevolence of both.

An association of the coloured people of this city, has been lately formed, for the purpose of investigating the policy of accepting President Boyer's invitation to his dominions: and, we understand, that three commissioners, from among themselves, have been appointed, to proceed to HAYTI this winter,—and return, with the requisite intelligence, in the spring. They are only waiting for the subscription committee, to finish the collection of a sufficient sum to defray their expenses on the voyage.

PUBLIC LOSS.

By a fire which recently occurred in New York, Edward Livingston of New Orleans, has had the misfortune to lose the Penal Code, which he had prepared with so much care and study, for the state of Louisiana. It consisted of four parts, which treated respectively—of Crimes and Punishments—of Criminal procedure—of Prison discipline and of Evidence; all of which, except a few sheets which were in the hands of the printer, have been totally destroyed. This is not only a private, but a great public calamity. Mr. Livingston has to undergo the labour of preparing anew what had cost him more than two years laborious application;—and his state must defer the accomplishment of the magnificent project for reforming her Penal Code. In relation to her criminal laws, Louisiana stands pre-eminent for that enlightened and liberal course of policy which characterizes American legislation on this subject. She has given clear indications of her intention to make her Penal Code consistent with the principles of our government; and to banish the remains of feudal barbarism and cruelty, which still disgrace the systems of European courts. We are justified in holding these confident expectations, from the report which Mr. L. made to the Legislature

of Louisiana,—detailing the prominent features of his system.

He had before given good assurance of the splendour of his talents; and, in his report, he shows how justly he appreciates the importance of his subject. He inspired a confidence that he would perform the task assigned him, in a manner that would confer honour on his state; and cause his name to be placed at the head of the most enlightened law-givers. For his own reputation, and for the good of all mankind, it is anxiously to be hoped that he may soon regain what he has so suddenly lost.

FORFEITURE OF PUBLIC LANDS.

We are requested to say, for the information of the holders of land certificates, on which but one-fourth of the purchase money was due, when the further credit was obtained; and, on which the last instalment became payable on the 30th of Sept. 1824,—that they will all REVERT to the U. S., at the end of the present month (Dec.) if the balance due be not previously paid—under the provisions of the ‘extinguishment law’ of the last session of Congress. As the act under which these lands are becoming liable to forfeiture, does not authorise the publication of the usual schedule of delinquencies,—many of the purchasers may remain ignorant of their danger, until it is too late—unless apprized of it by the gratuitous insertion of this paragraph, in the several newspapers of the Cincinnati District.

LITERARY

AND

Scientific Notices.

“Lionel Lincoln,” the first series of National Tales, entitled “Legends of the Thirteen Republics,” and which it is understood are to be given to the public by the author of the *Spy*, *Pioneers*, &c. is now in the press of Charles Wiley, New-York, and will be out about the first of December. This first of the series embraces that portion of the American history between the passage of the Stamp Act and subsequent to the battle of Bunker Hill. The scenes are principally in Massachusetts.

A second series of “Sayings and Doings,” is in the Press, by the same author. Also, a second series of “Highways and Byways.”

The new poem of Thomas Campbell is entitled *Theodoric*. [Why not say so at first?]

Mr Goodwin has nearly completed his History of the Commonwealth, in three volumes.

Boston, Nov. 11.

*Theatre*.—Miss Kelley was honored on Monday evening with the most fashionable and crowded house that has been seen since the days of Cooke. The receipts, we understand, exceeded 1000 dollars.

Mr. Cooper appeared last night in *Damon*. The house was filled, and the actor received, as he deserved, a most cordial welcome. He plays *Duke Aranza*, one of his best parts, this evening.



*Substitute of Potatoes for Soap.*

M. Cadet de Vaux proposes to wash Linen by the application of Potatoes only three parts boiled instead of Soap.

The following is an experiment on this subject, made by M. Hericort de Thury, the report of which signed by him, has been published.

The Linen experimented on consisted of the clothes of adults and children, sheets, coverlets, table linen, towels, brewers' aprons, hospital linen, &c.

The whole was first thrown into a tub, to soak in water for about an hour: it was next placed in a copper of hot water from which the pieces were taken separately to be thoroughly rubbed with the prepared potatoes, as is usual with soap; thus prepared, and after having been well rubbed, rolled and wrung, it was a second time put into the copper, with a quantity of the prepared potatoes, and after boiling for half an hour, was taken out, turned, thoroughly rubbed, wrung, and again thrown in for some minutes; it was then well rinsed twice in a large quantity of water, was put into cold water for half an hour, afterwards into a press to drain, and then hung up to dry. The whole time occupied was about two hours and a half: the linen was perfectly clear, free from all grease, and looked very white. [The experiment has been tried in the United States; but it is said that the linen thus washed is more apt to rot.]

**Political Summary.***Capture of Pirates.*

By official publications made by the Navy Department in the National Journal, the intelligence we copied from the Savannah papers of the capture of a piratical schr. by the United States' schooner Porpoise, Lieut. Comdt. Skinner, is confirmed.—*Nat. Int.*

*Emigrants to Hayti.*—The ship Armata has been chartered at Baltimore to take out three hundred emigrants for Hayti.—That complement was immediately made up, and forty or fifty applications above that number were rejected, as the vessel did not afford accommodations for more.—This emigration consists of some of the most respectable colored people in Baltimore: many of whom have left wives, children, and families in the city, with an intention of revisiting it early in the Spring, and returning with them, if their expectations are realized. They depart full of hope and confidence, and it was said to be an interesting spectacle to behold so many faces on the eve of their departure, and about to assume what they enjoy not in this country, the rights of self government.—We are assured that this is but the vanguard of a still more numerous emigration early in the Spring, if the present prospects should then prove equally auspicious.

*Balt. Amer.*

The present King of Persia has 39 sons and 140 daughters.

It appears by the Montreal papers of the 10th inst. that the Hudson's Bay Company and the Indians in the interior were involved in hostilities. Information had lately been received that a general coalition of the

tribes in the North Western territories, to the amount of some thousands, had taken place; that they attacked the whites in the settlement at Red River; that the assailed made a desperate resistance, and sustained themselves with great bravery, but in the contest the settlers sustained some loss. They succeeded, however, in preserving their ground, and keeping the savages at a respectable distance. It was the general opinion that the whites were the aggressors, as the Indians in that quarter were known to be the most inoffensive and harmless of any of the tribes.

*Capture of Ipsara.*—The following particulars relative to the capture of Ipsara, are translated from the Smyranean

SMYRNA, July 31.—A Musselman, who was an eye-witness, informs us, that during the taking of Ipsara by the Turks, several individuals succeeded in saving themselves from the general extermination. They retired to a very rocky place at the north of the island. In vain we promised them by our beards and by every thing we held most sacred, to grant them their lives if they would surrender,—they were deaf to all our propositions, they cried out incessantly, *we have food, we have arms, LIBERTY OR DEATH, this is the Ipsariot motto.*

This is the spoil of a brave man, said a Turk proudly, the other day, shewing an Ipsariot tunic in which he was clothed. Vainly, said he, did I offer him his life, he would fall under my arms.—I belonged, added the Turk, to the first division which effected its landing in a very steep place. Conducted by the European transports, we drew near the shore, and favoured by the clouds of smoke produced by the brisk cannonading from our fleet, we approached very near a little cove without being seen. At sight of so famous a country our Albanians refused to throw themselves into the water. A brisk altercation arose between the troops and the militia. The volunteers, carried away by their enthusiasm, threw themselves into the sea. We advanced silently to a little spot, then creeping like goats, one after the other, we arrived at the entrance of a narrow defile, where a Greek armed with a sabre stopped us and killed successively eleven of our men. Alarmed himself at the number which presented, he fled.—He was pursued. We came to three cannon, served by thirty men, who, astonished, suffered themselves to be taken, and were immediately sacrificed. We must have certainly fallen, if the Greek Albanians, who were better situated, had fired. But they demanded quarter; we fell on them and overpowered them. The Greek Albanians rallied; they opposed force to force. Weak efforts. Disorder was among them; they were vanquished, though they dearly sold their lives. We then penetrated rapidly into the Is-

land, to effect our junction with the other Turks. I was at the explosion of St. Nicolo. Five to six thousand Ottomans surrounded this fortress. Though destitute of artillery, my brave companions wished to give the assault; nothing abated their courage, not even the cannister shot poured from the castle, nor the brisk firing of the besieged. Two hours before the terrible catastrophe, an Ipsariot, with a match in his hand advanced towards us. He was shot down by a thousand balls. A second succeeded to the same fate; a third appeared and perished in the same manner. What was our astonishment to see a fourth, a fifth, and even a sixth. Sublime devotion! Some moments after St. Nicolo blew up. Though one of the most distant, I was violently thrown down, and covered with earth. I got up an hour after, feeling as if I had been raised from the dead. It is generally believed in the Ottoman army that from three to four thousand Turks perished about this fortress. We afterwards learnt that the spot to which the six Greeks were advancing, was a vast subterranean powder magazine, which had done us so much injury by the explosion.

*Evening party at M. Arago's.*—A friend who lately visited Paris, as one of M. Arago's *soirees* met with the following distinguished persons, all remarkable for having performed journeys or adventures for which there was no parallel. 1. There was professor Simonoff, who was Astronomer to the Russian Expedition into the Antarctic Circle, and who had been nearest to the South Pole of any man living. 2. Capt Scoresby junior, who had been nearest to the North Pole of any one living. 3. Baron Humboldt, who had been higher on mountains than any other philosopher. 4. Madame Freycinet, the only lady who had ever accompanied a voyage of discovery and circumnavigated the globe. 5. M. Gay-Lussac, who had, we believe, been the highest in the air of any man. 6. M. Callien, who had travelled with the son of the Pasha of Egypt further towards the sources of the Nile, than any person now living.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—T's ode to DESPAIR, is a desperate effort at the sublime. The first stanza is all we can find room for:—

"Like a tree in the desert lone  
Whose dark branches wave sadly there  
Is the cloudy fate of my own  
That through life I must bear."

"LAW and DANCING" is under advisement: though there seems to be rather too much of personality involved to suit the columns of our Gazette.

"HAROLD'S" lines, 'On seeing — — —,' contain a tolerably poetical *idea*—in the costume of intolerable verse.

As to the author of 'LA FAYETTE,' 'A DREAM,' &c. we can only refer him, for advice, to his more tuneful predecessor of the Augustan age. Such lines as

'How did'st thou leave thy endeared home,  
'Th' unhallowed draught from miseries polluted cup!'

could not well be injured by a few months' revision:—tho', we confess, the couplet—

'But still I dreamed on—tho' I knew I was dead—  
'And I saw me die—but I still dreamed on—'

does not seem to afford much room to anticipate that the author will speedily open his eyes to his poetical deficiencies.



## POETRY.

## Original.

## ON WINTER.

For the following lines, we are indebted to the same source from which we obtained the poem ON DEATH, inserted last week.

Farewell, sweet Summer! thou art past and gone;  
And rugged Winter now assumes the throne.  
Like you he comes not, with a charming grace,  
But hurls his flakes of snow in every face.  
Ah! how unlike thy sister month of May—  
When wafted odours scent the rising day:  
His frosty wand he stretches o'er the plains,  
And all the bubbling rills are bound in chains.  
His rapid north-wind now, with brow asquint,  
Sweeps o'er the ground, and turns it all to flint.  
The heavens how black, how boisterous is the wind!  
While hollow murmurs roll along behind.  
Keen cutting cold assaults the fair, the wise,  
With shivering limbs, from the inclement skies.  
His fleecy snow around like wool is tost,  
Like ashes spread he scatters hoary frost.  
Look where you will, above, around, below,  
'Tis one continued sheet of driven snow!  
Hail, snow, and vapour—all fulfil his word,  
And plainly speak the wisdom of the Lord.  
The lowing herd in vain attempts to fly,  
The freezing storm—for seal'd is every eye,  
In coats of ice, as clothed in mail they go,—  
Which, as they move, comes rattling down below.  
See how the grove, with all its verdure gone,  
In icy fetters grumbles out its moan!  
While here and there, to raise the horrid fray,  
Limbs, trunks and roots, by winds are torn away;  
Unruly blasts, loud bellowing as they fly,  
And threat'ning all the grove with ruin nigh.

Not so the vernal zephyrs danced along,  
While their soft whispers charmed the warbling throng.

Ah! ye my feather'd friends, where are ye fled—  
To warmer climes, or to some wat'ry bed?  
At morn, or eve, no labour'd notes I hear,  
The raven's croak alone salutes my ear.  
Hail all ye birds! whatever course ye bend;  
And while to milder climes a song you lend,  
Ah! still remember your be-winter'd friend!  
Sweet Philomel! O hasten, with the spring,  
And at my window nightly sit and sing!

But whither roves my song?—these wintry days  
Supply my muse with other kind of lays:  
No morning lark to wake me with her song,  
No chattering thrush the numbers to prolong;  
No blushing rose with dew-drops trembling round,  
Nor can the purple violet be found:  
No verdant meads, beset with fragrant flow'rs,  
No pleasant grots, and no delightful bow'rs;  
No sportive lambs, in innocence to play,  
And drain their dam's swell'd udder every day;  
No purling rills to bathe, when labour's done—  
But why of these?—for now we've need of none.  
No manly sports, as oft in summer seen,  
No joyful youth disporting on the green;  
No busy bee, no little ant to creep,  
No nightingale to sing mankind to sleep.—

But the soft cooing dove shall soon return,  
From whom the plaintive lover learns to mourn;  
The stork, the crane, the swallow, understand  
Their times appointed by Divine command:  
—'Tis man alone, doth ignorant remain;—  
Nor can the ways of Providence explain!

## EVENING.

The following effusion (with some few alterations) is the production of a lady of Paris, Ky.; and was penned, I believe, some years since, when the writer was quite young. The Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE will oblige a friend by giving it a place in his excellent and useful paper.

There is an hour to fancy dear,  
So wildly soft, so sweetly fair—  
'Tis when yon beam;  
At parting day, its mantle spreads  
O'er hill and dale, and brightly sheds  
A trembling gleam.

'Tis when the lonely nightingale  
Fills with her murmurings the vale,  
So sweetly wild,  
The troubled scenes of life seem smoothened,  
The swelling heart is gently sooth'd,  
Each care beguiled.

'Tis when the zephyrs mildly blow  
O'er yonder verdant vale below,  
Kissing each flower,  
Whose glowing bosom odours yield,  
Whose leaves, in evening dew distill'd,  
Adorn each bower.

This is the hour when fancy bright  
Lives and breathes "in shades of light,"  
—And grateful throws  
Athwart the wilder'd soul a balm,  
Which sheds contentment's purest calm,  
To soothe our woes.

## TO H—

As morning's glorious light  
Illumes a summer sky,—  
So all on earth is bright,  
When woman's form is nigh.

And balmy airs that fly  
In summer's gentlest pride,  
Would pass unheeded by  
Were woman's smile denied.

When morning light is gone,  
And garish day is fled,  
And darkness stealing on,  
O'er earth and sky is spread,—

Lo! lovely woman's smile  
The darkness can illumine;—  
Can all our fears beguile,  
And dissipate the gloom!

DAMON.

## Selected.

## SONNET.—Pompeii.

City of ancient time! in midst of thee  
Once dwelt the mighty of the world; and thou  
Wast wanton in thy pride, and round thy brow

Didst twine the wreath of immorality,  
And sat'st a queen beside earth's loveliest sea:  
The fatal fire-shower fell—thy ardent vow  
To Isis, Venus, nought avails thee now—  
That red rain fell, and thou didst cease to be!—  
Full seventeen centuries fled, and thy lost walls  
Still lived within their grave, though where they  
stood

Strange men knew not!—Once more the lizard  
crawls

O'er temples late discover'd;—in rapt mood,  
I trod on desolate streets, where the foot falls,  
And echo answers through the solitude!

## ELEGANT EXTRACT.

From Southey's Roderick.

Upon a smooth grey stone sate Roderick there;  
The wind above him stirr'd the hazel boughs,  
And murmuring at his feet the river ran.  
He sate with folded arms and head declined  
Upon his breast, feeding on bitter thoughts,  
Till Nature gave him in the exhausted sense  
Of woe a respite something like repose;  
And then the quiet sound of gentle winds  
And waters with their lulling consonance  
Beguiled him of himself. Of all within  
Oblivious there he sate, sentient alone  
Of outward nature, . . . of the whispering leaves  
That sooth'd his ear, . . . the genial breath of hea-  
ven

That fann'd his cheek, . . . the streams perpetual  
flow,  
That with its shadows and its glancing lights,  
Dimples and thread-like motions infinite,  
For ever varying and yet still the same,  
Like time toward eternity, ran by.  
Resting his head upon his Master's knees,  
Upon the bank beside him Theron lay.  
What matters change of state and circumstance,  
Or lapse of years, with all their dread events,  
To him! . . . What matters it that Roderick wears  
The crown no longer, nor the sceptre wields? . . .  
It is the dear-loved hand, whose friendly touch  
Had flattered him so oft: it is the voice,  
At whose glad summons to the field so oft  
From slumber he had started, shaking off  
Dreams of the chase, to share the actual joy; . . .  
The eye whose recognition he was wont  
To watch and welcome with exultant tongue.

A coming step, unheard by Roderick, roused  
His watchful ear, and turning he beheld  
Siverian. Father said the good old man,  
As Theron rose and fawn'd about his knees,  
Hast thou some charm, which draws about thee  
thus

The hearts of all our house, . . . even to the beast  
That lacks discourse of reason, but too oft,  
With uncorrupted feeling and dumb faith,  
Putt lordly man to shame? . . . The King replied,  
'Tis that mysterious sense by which mankind  
To fix their friendships and their loves are led,  
And which with fainter influence doth extend  
To such poor things as this. As we put off  
The cares and passions of this fretful world,  
It may be too that we thus far approach  
To elder nature, and regain in part  
The privilege through sin in Eden lost.  
The timid hare soon learns that she may trust  
The solitary penitent, and birds  
Will light upon the hermit's harmless hand.

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